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MOUNTAIN ECHOES

July 2nd Field Day

July-August 1956

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WINNIPEG CANADA

A. H. CAMPBELL

Warden

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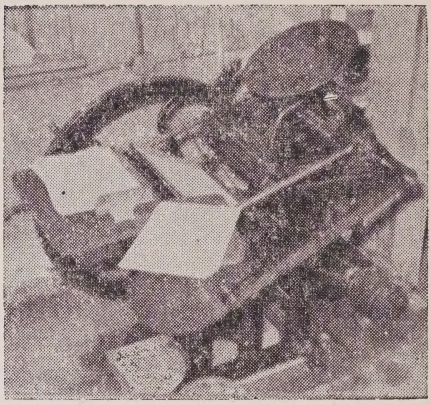
No articles of a scurrilious or defamatory nature or in any way detrimental to the administration of justice, will be published. Any views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the administration.

Concerning this issue



The credit for this months issue of the Mountain Echoes must go to a small group of determined men who have toiled long and hard in the absence of an Editor. This issue as we see it is a credit to those who have worked to keep the Mountain Echoes alive. Our hats are off to Mr. Weir, Librarian, Drowsy, Horbas, and Mike, for taking up the slack at a most important time. I would also like to state my appreciation for the privilege of writing this lead page. It is indeed heartwarming to be accepted in such a fine manner by these men.

Recently a new Editorial Staff was formed and it is their job to put the Mountain Echoes back on its feet. Appearing for the first time in this issue you will meet Mac on the exchange page. Mac is a recent transfer from K.P. who after much coercing, has consented to add his store of knowledge to the new Editorial Board. We were also very fortunate to enlist the services of Mel, a former member of that terrific paper from Idaho, The Clock. Add to the humor and wit of a man who wishes to be known only by the name of Mr X. and there you have the new Editorial Board.

As the new Editor, I can assure you that it will be a pleasure to work with these men. It is my utmost wish that all the good feeling and harmony will show in the publication we print. So good reader have an eye open for a new and better Echoes in the future. One thing you can count on, is we will be giving our all to bring you the best in reading. How can we miss with this set up; Mike, Drowsy and Ted Horbas—all Printers Devils —plus Mack, Mel and Mr. X giving forth gems of wisdom.

As you will notice this issue is for July and August. On other occasions in the past, two issues have been run into one. At this time we hasten to assure all our loyal subscribers that they will receive a full compliment of twelve issues for their yearly subscription. We would also like to assure you of good entertaining and informative reading in the future. We promise to back up our statement with issues designed to please. Look for the NEW ECHOES next month. We are certain you will not be disappointed.

Mountain Echoes

July-August
Vol .5. No. 9.

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Editorial page. . . .

"THE HELPING HAND"

Fergus Falls, Minnesota.

Vernon Richter, father of six children and self-confessed bank robber, received a surprise when neighbors from miles around rolled their tractors to his farm Saturday to help plough his soybeans and cornfields. Fourteen tractors operated by friends, who refused to turn their backs on the 31 year old farmer, worked his 135 acre tract, disc and seed his crops. Said Harold Haarstaad his nearest neighbor, "He's a nice fellow who's made a mistake;" commented Richter, "I can't understand why they are willing to help me after the wrong I have done." The above excerpt was noticed on the front page of the Winnipeg Free Press.

It was inspiring to read and aroused the dying flame of faith in here of many hearts that had become hard and cynical towards their fellow-man. Many of us who have been rebuffed by society in the past, after having paid our debt, and feel sure in such actions, society can advance the rehabilitation of the inmate by taking an active part, with more success than by leaving this phase of regeneration in the hands of a few. Like the alcoholic of yesterday who was shunned, ridiculed and considered a pariah, through lack of understanding of his disease. The criminal of today finds himself stymied in his quest of a normal life by ignorance and fear. Numerous reports by men who have been released from prison only to find barriers erected by society which sometimes frustrates and impedes a man in his endeavor to live right should not de tolerated.

It is not a secret that we are living in a corrupt world; graft, corruption and larceny has been going on in the world for many years. Prejudice on the part of many employers toward hiring an ex-con is s known fact. The closed door policy, in many fields' towards a man who has worn a number has been established regardless of what qualifications he may possess, of this we are aware and understand. But in trying to meet the challenge of his rehabilitation, the prison inmate, by endeavoring to bridge the ground of fear, ignorance and resentment, is attempting to meet society half-way. We can think of no finer base for spanning this chasm of indifference than following the example set by this group of farmers who have shown by their attitude that "Actions speak louder than words."

A.A. INVENTORY

BY

ART M

Of equal importance and meaning, the twelve steps weave themselves together into an ideal pattern of life for us all.

I would like to take but a minute or two to discuss the "STEP" which takes us toward self-criticism and ends with the admission that we are wrong. . . . Invariably, personal inventory, if sincere, results in an admission of guilt that we were wrong.

In relation to my own life, "inventory" is of assets and liabilities. . . On the asset side of the ledger I find these things: Now that I am sober, I have attained what I was after, so why worry about anything else . . . I had sobriety, but that was all . . . . But is sobriety in itself enough? On thinking it all over rationally, I came to realize that my sobriety was but a return to normalcy. . . I was sober, there was no doubt about that. . . But of what good was I to myself and others with a propensity for another drink? Was I sober in my sober state? I was sober and dry while retaining characteristic defects of an alcoholic which I had so carefully built up over the ten years when I solely lived for that next drink.

Though I have attained sobriety by taking the first step, this in itself was not enough. . . . To stop was to perish of thirst. . . It was apparent that I would necessarily have to take the remaining eleven steps to attain not perfection but that slow and gradual improvement.

Self criticism helped me realize my defects in all their enormity. . . I saw myself living in a world of my own creation where-in I devoted my whole life to greed and laziness alone.

On my debit side, I have a longer list. . . I am prone to become cocky and attribute my feeling of victory over temptations and weaknesses to my own sterling character. . . In my sobriety, I often forget to thank God and A.A. for the wonderful transformation in my character. . . .

I am impatient with people who do not immediately accept the A.A. program as the one sure way to absolute recovery from alcoholism. . . . . Perhaps those who hesitate to accept the A.A. as their guide to a happier life, have not reached the level to which I had fallen in despair and frustration. . . . I forget that, perhaps, some people are more receptive to new ideas. . . . There is an educational precept that the slow learner who finally attains the ideal, retains it with fervor, making ir an integral part of his being. . . . Whereas the rapid learner may accept the program with greater speed only to discover that it made no impression on his character.

I have heard my parents say that I was the easiest person in the world to get along with as long as I got my way. . . This quality about me makes me realize that other people have their opinions and ideals and that their opinions might even be better than mine. . . Now when I repeat the serenity prayer, I realize that the last line was meant for me.

If I may borrow a few lines from Daniel Webster:

"If we work upon marble it will perish, if we work upon brass, time will efface it, if we rear temples, they will crumble to dust. But if we work upon men's immortal minds, if we imbue them with high principles, with the just fear of God, and love of their fellow men, we engrave on those tableus something which no time can efface and which will brighten to all eternity".

"OUR APPRECIATION"

We take this means to convey a sincere vote of thanks to the following who so generously donated the prizes which made our 6th Annual Field Day a successful one. We are truly grateful.

Mr. Alex Turk. M.L.A.	
Mr. Rene Diotte	
McKinney Jeweller's	
Mr. Chas. Krupp	
Mr. Schlingerman	
Brewery Products	(Mr. Mathers)
Grant's Brewry	(Mr. J. G. Grant)
Hudson's Bay Co.	(Mr-Lloyd)
Hudson's Bay Co.	(Mr. White)
T.Eaton Co.	(Miss Moore)
Father Bedford.	
The Bell Bottling Co.	
Cocoa-Cola Co.	(Mr. Frend)
7-Up Co.	(Mr. Winning)
Golden Age Beverage	(Mr. Forbes)
Soo Line Mills Co.	(Mr. Kane)

(Contiued on page 19)

On The Educational Side

"The largest room in the world is the room for improvement."

June is the month whose approach is greeted with mixed feelings by most students. It not only signifies the arrival of final examinations but also the forerunner to the pleasant summer vacation which is so significant a part of our school years.

The scholars at our school will also enjoy a restricted vacation a sort of reprieve from school attendance for two summer months. School will however remain open one day each week for the men who encounter difficulties in their extra-mural studies. This will also students an opportunity to write examinations promptly as they arrive.

In a good many respects I believe our inmate student body is very much like any other adult group striving for more education. Their attitudes, interests, educational backgrounds and capacities are not much different from those of a comparable age group that exist outside these walls. The would-be adult student usually approaches the educational challenge with a curious mixture of emotion that is half defiant and half eager and underneath the surface one feels that the individual has at least a vague awareness of the tremendously important part education can and does often play in the process of maturation.

During the past eight years we have had a fair share of good students some of whom have been outstanding. Both in classes and by their extra-mural efforts a good number of men have given evidence of the progress of self development that can and should continue from early youth till the end of life itself.

The observation has often been made that the most contented people are those that are the busiest. For centuries philosophers and thinkers have had many fine things to say about the lasting values of hard work. Physicians, psychologists and psychiatrists have also much to say for therapeutic values that can be found in hard work. Those of us who are destined to spend a part of our lives in prison, should, I suggest, if we are sincere in our efforts towards rehabilitation, spend some time considering what we can accomplish if we are willing to work reasonably hard and devote a portion of our leisure time to self improvement.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial; we should count time by heart throb. He most lives who thinks the most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

BAILEY

Congratulations...

We salute the following men for completing the undermentioned courses during the month:

7106—Hodges,	Introductory Mathematics
7177—Hochman, K.	" "
7251--Powers, N.J.	Elementary Arithmetic

We wish the men whose names appear below success as they embark on new educational ventures:

7177—Hockman, K.	Maths "A"
7193—Windsor, D.	Bookkeeping "A"
7222—Latendresse,	Auto Engineering
7251—Powers, N.	Intro. Math.
7201—Thompson,L.	Elem. Arith.
7300—Wesley, R.	" "
7301—Mullin, M.	" "
7303—Palmer,	" "
7304—Matheson, M.	" "
7308—Zabalotnick	" "

One of our newer classes that is meeting with considerable enthusiasm is the group of fellows studying French under the able direction of a fellow inmate that is of French origin. We like the initiative and industry of both the pupils and instructor.

We hope to commence another course in Prospecting and Mining next winter. This course has proven to be very popular in the past and we would like to hear from parties genuinely interested in joining such a class.

"MEDITATION"

When you're sitting in this Pen and feel you haven't got a friend,
You sit there and you wonder, what will really be the end;
You think of home and others—of the one's so tried and true,
Of mother dear, God Bless Her, she is all the world to you.
You then think of dear old Dad—he's not a bad old Scout,
Perhaps not so fine as Mother—but, he usually helped you out,
You then think of your childhood—and Oh! those happy days,
When playing with Sisters and Brothers—and never a care always.

But, then you start drifting, and off that narrow path,
Till at last there came a reckoning—and you land in jail at last.
Now, the book says if you err—to some society you must pay,
For your crimes and depradations—be the sentence what it may.

But, think you not t'is you that suffers—t'is your loved ones outside,
Sister, Dad, and dear old Mother, and mayhaps a blushing bride,
It is they who have the heartaches and have to face the sneers,
As you sit in this "Pen-House"—by the Judgement of your peers.

Now! I ask you just to ponder as you sit here in this "can",
If the game is worth the candle—when you break the law's of man.
You and I both have the answer—play life's game and play it square,
Avoid all hallucinations and angles—and to ourselves be fair.

"OLD TIMER"

Said the swamper to the logger,
"Will you give me a chew?"
Said the logger to the swamper,
"I'll be damned if I do.

Be cute and be cunning,boy
Just like any fox
And you'll always have terbacker
In yer old terbacker box".

I have always beleived that the long view of man's history will show that his destiny on earth is progress toward the good life, even though that progress is based on sacrifices and sufferings which taken by themselves seem to constitute a hideous melange of evils. This is an act of faith.

We must not let ourselves be engulfed in the passing waves which obscure the current of progress.

The sinfulness and weakness of man are evident to anyone who lives in the active world.

But men are also great, kind and wise. Honor begets honor; trust begets trust; faith begets faith; and hope is the main of life.

Those who read this will mostly be younger than I, men of the generations who must bear the active in the work ahead.

Let them charge us with our failures and do better in their turn.

But let them not turn aside from which they have to do, or think that criticism excuses inaction.

Let them have hope, and virtue, and let them beleive in mankind and its future, for there is good as well as evil, and the man who tries to work for the good, beleiving in its eventual victory, while he may suffer setback and even disaster, will never know defeat.

The only deadly sin I know is cynicism.

(H.L.Stinson—at the age of eighty.)

"THE ERIE CANAL"

I've got an old mule and her name is Belle,
Fifteen years on the Erie Canal.
We've hauled some barges in our day
Filled with lumber, coal and hay.
And every inch of the way we know
From Albany to Buffalo.
Get up old gal, we,re past that lock.
We'll make town by six o'clock.
One more trip and then we'll go
Right straight back to Buffalo.

Low bridge. Everybody down.
Low bridge. We must be getting near a town.
We'd better look around for a job, old gal,
Fifteen years on the Erie Canal.
You can always tell your neighbors.
You can always tell your pal.
If you've ever navigated on the Erie Canal.

"Only Those Who Suffer Will Understand"

A three-time loser with a long, spotty prison record is soon to be discharged. After serving almost 15 years on various sentences, one would think he should know prisons—and the results they spawn. Admitting he didn't know all the answers, he says:

"I'VE SEEN IT ALL..."

(Reprint from REFLECTOR—via PRESIDO)

The calendar on my cell wall shows that I've got a little over a month left on this sentence. Now that the days are dragging by—they always do when you're "gettin' short"—my mind has constantly slipped back to the days when I first began flirting with crime. I've thought about that first car I decided was mine, but wasn't. Those long, blistering months spent in a brutal reform school. The short stretch at the reformatory. County jail sentences. And two ten-year jolts in the state penitentiary. Pockets stuffed with bills and pockets empty. Good cops and bad cops. Fist fights and endless, drunken sprees on skidrow.

Yeah, at 33, I've seen it all. Not much to brag about when you've kicked away almost 15 years behind prison walls. Yet in a way, maybe those years have helped me. Not like you expect, though. I've known that two and two are four for a long time. I just never seemed to put them together, that's all. You might even say the course I followed resembled a man lost at sea, billowed about by the rollicking waves of immaturity and despair. Many times my feet reached the sand of the promised shore. But I never went forward unto the Island of Life. I guess, marooned with the fear of facing reality, I just crouched there lazily and as always--was swept back out to the open sea.

So, what have I got to say or show for those years that my name has been in hock for a number? Nothing. Oh, maybe a couple of dreams and hopes and plans. I never thought I'd ever be content with a few plans tucked away in my mind. But I am. What made the difference? What made me want to decide to try and get something out of life? Well first, I better go back to my youth. Back there, 'long about 1938.

I come from one of those average families you're always reading about. A good hard-working father; a calm, devoted mother; a favorite twin sister. Until I was fourteen, I never knew what trouble was. It was something that the kid at school might get into, but not me. No, sir.

Then for some reason—maybe a deep desire to own my own—I stole a car, was caught and placed on probation. It didn't work out. A few months later I found another empty car. I had it whizzing down the street; that trip landed me in the reform school. The sentence: until I was twenty-one years old.

Rough place, that reform school. Brutality prevailed. The guards, a

scrambled collection of sadists, used to whip us boys constantly. And the way they punched us around, you'd thought it was a training camp, with the guards taking the place of the boxers, using us for spar-mates.

A few days after I was there, a guard called a chubby boy out of line, a sad, colored kid. He told him to bend over and whacked him with five lashes. He then said, "For you new guys, that is what'll happen if you get out of line."

A few years ago, I picked up a morning newspaper. A headline blared out the story how a crazed man had killed a farm woman simply becaure she wouldn't give him any gasoline. The jury convicted him quickly. And the judge sentenced him to hang. He went to prison went crazy on Death Row and wound up in a criminal insane ward, where he still is now. Everybody blasted him during his trial, calling him about everything you can call a man. Funny thing, though, I used to watch those reform school guards work him over all the time, beating him with clubs and axe handles and tugs of harness. After awhile they couldn't hurt him anymore. He was hurt too bad already. I've often wondered if those beatings eventually led to his commiting that murder. It's something to think about.

They had a discipline cottage there where you went after violating some rule. One day we were in the field, picking corn. I bit off a kernel and ate it. The guard didn't say anything, but at the dinner table he tossed a raw ear of corn on my plate. "Eat it or else," he roared. Needless to say, it tasted pretty dry.

Another pet method used by the guards was when a kid wanted to blow his nose. He was required to hold his handkerchief high in the air. The guard would say "use it." When finished blowing his nose, the kid was expected to say, "Thank you sir." The same way when you got whopped. If you had five lashes comin', you would bend over. After the guard whacked your bottom, you were again supposed to say, "Number one, sir. Thank you, sir." That continued until you got your required number of smacks.

I stayed in the reform school for 18 months. After getting out, I enlisted in the Army. In 8 months I was handed a medical discharge, under honorable conditions, because of a bad eye.

I went back to my hometown Following a lazy, irresponsible pattern, I drank my share of drinks, and lived pretty loose. Lots of bar fights and arrests for disorderly conduct, the sheriff took me to the state reformatory. They had given me a year for failing to live up to my probation requirement, which had occured before I even went to the reform school. A couple of lawyers said the courts couldn't force me to do time on such a charge. They were wrong. And I shook that year.

Out again, I drifted around, stealing, hauling bootleg whiskey, giving the bars a big play whenever I sold something I had stolen. And again, I was being arrested frequently for fighting and drunkeness. Once in between sprees, I took an electric clock and a gadget used for massag-

ing hair from my folks' house. They didn't complain then. But three months later, evidently fed up with my actions, my ole man dropped me like a hot spud and placed a charge of burglary against me.

For that small caper, I drew ten years, this time at the big one—the state prison. Bitter at the world, at everybody, I didn't write to my folks or any friends. I shook my own time and minded my own business. Suddenly, the ole man had a change of heart. When the parole board offered me a parole, he accepted me back.

But I never had any intentions of making that parole. I didn't even last long out there. When they took the handcuffs off at the gate, I feft no resentment. I figured I had just messed up and that was that.

I was put to work in the print shop. I always did like printing, even as a kid. I remember wanting to be a printer, just lide my dad, when I was a little boy. But once I started scattering in a different direction the only printing I ever did was in prison, with the exception of the 8 months I was on parole last year. I'll come to that later.

So the months rolled off the prison horizon and I was discharged in January of 1950. I figured I could still make me a big haul. Just that one "score," which some men plan and look for, but seldom find. For three months I stole and spent a wad of money. Yep! In May of that year, I bounced back to prison, with a new ten-spot staring me in the face.

They put me back to work in the print shop. And again I never wrote anyone. But one day, a prison bubdy had his wife bring along a girlfriend, to see me. We became acquainted in the prison visiting room. Looking back now, we should have known that a marriage would not click: I had known little but prison life in the previous years; she had been divorced from two different husbands. But we saw each other monthly and wrote regulary. On a March morning in 1953, we were married in the prison chapel.

Time really flogged me then. I wanted out and I wanted out bad. Prison officials couldn't turn me loose—only the parole board could help me—but they sent me to a prison farm, outside the walls. I didn't particularly like the work there, especially when the boss bellowed loud and long and often.

The waiting finally came to an end. In March, 1954, I was paroled.

This time I figured on staying out. True, I never said I could make one af those hard paroles they hand out in this state, but I tried. Things ran smoothly. Sally was a fine housekeeper Her two children were good kids. And we liked the apartment we were living in. I had a printer's job in the small friendly town and—steel bars and 30-foot walls were behind me. At least for awhile.

The marriage crackup started slowly. We began with petty quarrels. And one night, Sally, disturbed by my continued arguing popped me in the eye. She's just a little gal, weighing less than a 100 pounds. My six-three frame is distributed with 220 pounds. I didn't want to hit her back.

I told her if she ever did it again, I'd give her a dose of the same thing. A couple of nights later, she again poked a fist in my eye. I hit her back... and we were through.

She called the parole agent and said I had left my assigned area previously. The parole agent, ignored the plea of my employer, who also wrote to the parole board, stating that my work record was excellent and that I shouldn't be sent back to prison. They, like the agent, ignored his plea.

It was a drizzly day when I came back to prison. And when they turned the key on me that night, I felt I'd had it. I was particularly peeved at that parole agent, and probably always will be. I vowed to myself if I ever met him again when I got out, I would walk up to him and work him over. Chances are, I won't go out of the way to find him, but should I ever meet him on a high diving board—he's liable to get a dunking. For once in my life I had gone straight and lived a respectable, clean life. Yet, I had been returned to prison because I had a personal problem at home.

I was again working in the prison print shop. There the time seemed to melt. It has flown quickly, right now down to this last month. With plenty of time to think, I made use of it. I went back over my life and tried to pinpoint the things that I had liked. They all arrowed back to that small town; to that small printing shop where the people were friendly; where a 10 minute coffee break in the morning was a grand thing. Back to the life where there was no crime, or no mental gutter to fall into.

While out that last time, too, I spent my free minutes fishing, sitting there with a sun beating over my head and my pole in the water. I could sit there for hours and hours and enjoy it. I had found a peace that I never found in those wild, lusty bars I use to hang out in.

I liked that paycheck every week. And, oddly enough, I liked going to work in that ole pair of greasy khakis.

Looking back again over my life, particularly the prison part of it, I've realized that I'm sick of such a life. In prison I've seen too many men ruined, sometimes by themselves; sometimes by the environment of the prison. I'm still a young guy, still capable of doing a hard day,s work. It took me quite a while to find it out. But I'm glad it finally came around.

In prison, you find many men who are still kids at heart. I guess I went through that stage myself. I think that rehabilitation comes after a man decides he must do most of the leg work himself. As for a crutch, it's all right to lean on one for awhile, until you get your course set. Then, your'e supposed to throw it away and walk on your own feet.

I won't go along with the theory that says society don't give the ex-convict a fair shake. Like I say, I've found out different. I beleive each man makes his own kind of society. I beleive if you try to do right, that the world will go along with you. Show people you can do something and they'll show you they're for you and everything you do.

Counting paroles and discharges, I've gone out of prison six times. And I've always managed to come back. I never did think that required a lot of brains.

And so, these last few days I'll be thinking about that small print shop out in that small town. My former boss has rehired me. There's not any crime there and like any shop, you have troubles, of course, but the work is fun and honest and it's good living.

In fifteen years of prison life, I've seen too much sorrow and hate and and fear. When I was there in that small town, I had a small glimpse of some of the better things. And when I leave this time, that's where I'll head. . . . back where you go to work in greasy khakis and take ten-in-the-mawnin' for coffee.

Just the thought of it is worth all the money I ever hoped to get from stealing.

★ ★ ★

"HOMESTEAD CHATTER"

This month's chatter will consist of matters that I think are of supreme importance to everybody doing time in the institution.

I am wondering if we have not become too DEMOCRATIC in our thinking in the sense that we let a few of our representatives carry the whole load and keep all phases of inmate activity functioning.

There are some indications that the willing few are wilting under this steady pressure. . . I would like to know what the remedy is for this inertia which seems to have affected the large proportion of the inmate population. . . .

When the sports and recreation programme was in its early stages, there was great enthusiasm and the population participated whole heartedly and with enthusiasm to keep things rolling along nicely. . . The most important thing we must remember is that we must not backtrack. . . We must not take things for granted, but must go forward with at least one eye always on the future. . . If we relax and sit back and depend on the other fellow, our whole programme could very well disintegrate. . . . . .

"CREDO"

Man is not a dumb brute to be satisfied with a full stomach and a place to flop down when he is tired. . . No, not at all! The mind must be kept active as well as the body. For the brain to function properly it must be exercised. . . . What are we as individuals doing about this matter?

The school teacher, Mr. Weir, has all the facilities for self improvement and you have the time. So how about us all getting busy and helping ourselves? Any studies you take will, I am sure, be beneficial to you when you leave this institution.

The following are some examples of men whom I salute for the success they made of their studies in here and more important for the success they are now having on the outside. . . Case 'A' is now mechanical engineer. . . This chap was well on his way towards top qualification before he left here. . . Case 'B', now a newspaperman, made full use in the Enlish facilities made available to him. . . Case 'C' is the president of a toy factory and so on . . . . .

This adds up to a success story for the few, but if they are at it the same opportunity is open to all. . . So how about it men?

I conclude with this thought written by a Chinese philosopher six thousand years ago but still is applicable to-day.

"Let a man seek virtue, and he will find wantonness.
Let him seek honor among men, and he will disown himself
in a den of theives.
Let him seek God in the world, and he will find nothingness.
Let him search for a just man, and he will find a bloody sword.
Let him cry for love in the hearts of man, and hatred will answer.
Let him seek in the places of mankind for peace, and he will
find himself among the dead.
Let him call on the nations for truth, falsehood, and treachery
will echo him.
But let him seek all goodness in himself, in humility and
gentleness and faith.
He will see the face of God, and will find all the world
arrayed in light and mercy.
Then at last he will no longer fear any man."

See you next month
"MONTY"

AUTHOR CHARGES CHURCH CLOSES DOORS ON EX-CONS

Reprint from Wpg Free Press

EDMONTON (CP) The president of the American Correction Association said Tuesday Canada needs at least 1,000 probation officers to help readjust criminals to civilian life.

Kenyon Scudder, who later this week will address the Canadian conference on social work, said in an interview Canada had only 100 probation officers last year.

He said 75 to 80 per cent of prisoners could safely be placed on probation. They could usefully work in the community and at the same time support their families.

"We must accept the returned prisoner or the offender placed on probation wholeheartedly," he said.

Mr. Scudder, Psychologist and author of several books on criminal rehabilitation, added that between 65 and 70 percent of former convicts return to prison within 10 years. Prison conditions and society in general were to blame.

"Present prison programs practice punishment for punishment's sake rather than seeking to rehabilitate the offender," he said. "Society, too, must change it's attitude "

A first offender often returned to a community to be subjected to a whispering campaign, although "some people in that community may be worse than the offender."

"This is a major reason why former convicts return to prison," he stated. "They can't make the grade in the community and have received no rehabilitation training."

"In effect, a man who has paid a debt to society, perhaps two years,, winds up serving life in one way or another. Even the church will close its doors."

Mr.Scudder added it costs farmore to keep a man in jail than release him on probation.

"In California, it costs $1,600,000 a year to jail 1,200 men he said." "Half of these could have been on probation."

He called for separation of young offenders from hardened criminals and for a vocational training program, fitting persons for work outside prison when they are freed.

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CAGING of CRIMINALS

NO PROTECTION TO SOCIETY, SAYS EXPERT

Reprint from Wpg Free Tribune

EDMONTON (CP) A sullen jailbird nursing a grudge is the product of the penal system which emphasizes "punishment for punishment's sake," says an American criminologist who ran a prison without bars.

Dr. Kenyon J. Scudder, former superintendent of the Chino minimum-security correctional institution in California, told the Canadian Conference on Social Work Thursday night that caging criminals is no protection to society, for few can be locked away forever.

"Locking a man in a bastille and throwing away the key is no good. Someday 95 per cent of the people put away get back. We should be concerned with how they feel—soured and embittered or resolved to take a constructive place in the community."

Prisoners were afraid to go home when freed for fear they would not be accepted. The Roman Catholic and Jewish Churches did a fine job in rehabilitation and "I wish the Protestant church responded as well."

At Chino, founded by Dr. Scudder, the first group of 34 convicts arrived in 1940 on an ordinary bus to a regime free of locks and armed guards. Civilian clothes were substituted for the drab convict's garb.

The men, taught trades and allowed to roam the institute unsupervised, responded and only two acts of violence have been recorded since 1940 by the 2,000 persons who passed through Chino.

There have been 30 "lifers" at Chino, Dr. Scudder said, but escapes are less than one percent.

Family members and visitors every Saturday could talk with the men on landscaped grounds, privately and unsupervised. Keeping the family intact was stressed because "when the family is unbroken, there is a higher success with paroles later."

"Convicts have a lot of feeling underneath which are just as important as yours and mine."

"When you realize prisoners are people from communities and will return, we must turn our energies against conditions which breed delinquency and crime. When this is done, we will see an era of vanishing prisons."

In the U.S. police solved only about 12 percent of the major crimes. We catch some "big fish" he said, but mainly it is the little fellow who didn't do too much who goes to prison.

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Police Athletic Association	
Paulin-Chambers	(Mr. Hansen)
Canada Packers	(Mr. Johnson)
Swift Canadian	(Miss. Metcalfe)
Burns Packers	(Mr. Meadwell)
Moore's Taxi Ltd.	(Mr. Boothroyd)
Canadian Railway News	(Mr. Phelan)
Modern Dairies	(Mr. Douglas)
Crecent Creamery	(Mr. Clark)
Lowney's Chocolate Co.	(Mr. King)
Galperns Candy Co.	(Mr. Galpern)
Wrigley's Gum Co.	
Adam's Gum Co.	
Service Confectionary	(Mr. Penny)
Tuckett's Tobacco Co.	(Mr. Pitt-Smith)
Imperial Tobacco Co.	(Mr. Egles)
McKenzies	(Mr. Cameron)
G. McLean Co.	(Mr. Whitely)
Western Grocer's	(Mr. Rathgeber)
Scott-Bathgate Co.	(Mr. Hutchison)
King's Best	(Mr. King)
Codville Co.	(Mr. Robertson)
Christie's Biscuits	(Mr. Urquhart)
J.H.Ashdown's Co.	(Mr. Duncan)
Sterling Fruit Co.	(Mr. Standard)

We want the kind donor's to know that without their interest and contributions, our Field Day would not have been possible. We can only trust that they will be justly rewarded. We salute you one and all. "IT PAYS TO BE A SPORT."

"Sixth Annual Field-Day"

Dominion Day was royally celebrated in Penal fashion, and although many visitors were expected, and assured free admission and exit they were conspicuous by their absence We must realize that one can find more enjoyable places to holiday, more scenic routes to travel, and greener grass to recline on than we can offer behind our stone curtain. However, a homey atmosphere and good spirits prevaded our habitat and a good time was had by the majority.

Space will not permit the listing of all members of committees giving assistance on this special day. The starters, timers, managers, announcres, clerks, electritions, hot dog vendors, refreshment brokers and so on, all rendering yeoman service. They all laboured long and hard to promote a day of interest. Thanks fellows.

Three teams, Cardinals, Bucs and Dodgers contested for the honor of being team champion. After the total points were computed the Cardinals captained by Steve Bolonchuk were declared the champions.

The Athlete of the Day Award was won by Ronnie Brothers, who turned in a magnifcent performance. Armand Proulx, a fine athlete, was one point back in second place. Dick Auger and Moore ended up in a tie for third position.

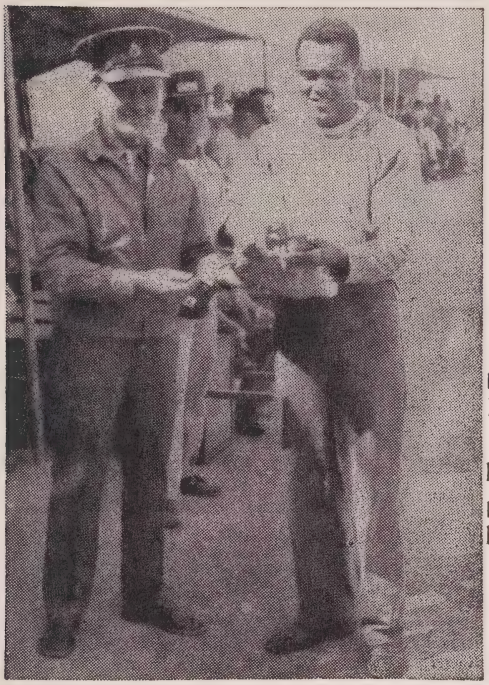
The above mentioned four-some, truely great competitors, contested for the number one honors right down to the final event, and are to be congratulated for their athletic abilities and good sportmanship.

The most spectacular event of the entire day was the 220 yard event, won by Jimmy Naugler over Armand Proulx in a garrison like finish.

Twenty four events were keenly contested and the various were well deserving their victories.

To list all winners and runners-up would be impossible due to lack of space. Nevertheless, congratulations are in order to all of the victors, placers and also-rans for their tremendous efforts.

Inmate spectators, were treated to a fine display of athletic endeavour and the majority responded with whole-hearted and duly appreciated applause and interest.



"Athlete of the day"

The Rene Diotte Trophy being presented to the Athlete of the Day Ronnie Brothers.

Ronnie proved himself a fine athlete and a good sport. His splendid performance assured him the victors laurels over tough opposition.

"The Broad Jump"

One the most colorful athletes in the institution in the person of Dick Auger, is seen in action at the broad jump pit.

Dick, last years Athlete of the Day was just a few points short of victory this year and although ranked third in the total standings was a constant threat to all aspiring champions.

ECHOES IN SPORT

Now that the big field day is over,baseball seems to be settling down and readying for the drive to the wire. After running thru a three man board of Commissioners and three single Commissioners, baseball now has one Commissioner presiding over a three team A league and a four team B league.

From this corner it looks like a close race in the A league, as all are well matched. Whatever edge there is must be given to the Dodgers with the leagues ace hurler making the difference. The Red Sox have a good fielding and are no pushover. If big Monty gets a win streak going they could pick up all the silverware. Gillis, of the Yanks has at last fired up his charges and they are playing heads up ball. Lately the team has developed a lot of hustle and spirit and should cause considerable trouble in the finals. So the way we see it the Dodgers are the big boys and the rest is anyones choice. That, fellows, is me out on that proverbial limb.

In the "B" it looks like a battle between Reinbolt's Cards and Machette's Braves, with the Cards holding the edge. This corner calls the Cards to win it all with the Braves close behind, then the Bucs and Royals finishing in that order. The dark horse in this league are the Bucs, with a mixture of vets and rookies; however it looks like a long way to come.

Before signing 30 a big thanks to Bernie, Fortier, Goverluk, Boschman, Casey, Franche, Gillis, "Fat Mike", Taylor, Hawkins, Boucher, Perrault, Smokey, A. J., Miller, and Beecroft. These boys umpire for kicks and get them.

This reporter was buttonholed in a corner by a fellow who laid down the law concerning publicity for his team and their achievments.

"Yes Sir," he said, "We want a real name dropper." O.K. Pappy.

The Giants ain't what they used to be but who is. Many of the stars of yesteryear are gone or going yet the Giants are holding their own against all comers. Under the circumstances this is quite an achievement. Lets take a peek at the team and see who is who and why. In the pitching department Scotty McLean is the standout. Scotty, a southpaw with sizzling speed holds the opposition at bay and is also a power at bat. Monty and Snooks pitching in alternate starting or relief roles and both have winning records.

The outfield of Knobby, Berrigan and Proulx are the best fielding threesome in the joint and this is well deserved as these boys have made some dandy plays. They also do equal justice at the plate. Steve Bolonchuk is out there too when the big bat is needed.

The infield gets quite a shuffle and it taxes the memory to recall all who have played. Normie Hanlon, Perreault, Freddie Wallace, Ruck, Bernie and MacDougal are usually there somewhere and fit together like an old glove. Old Herman and Irish do the catching chores in good style and control their pitchers like the veterans they All in are. all old man Ruck has a good team with depth and power capable of handling most of the teams schedueled to appear here.

Next month will see a complete rundown of the prison ball picture. In the meantime here is a bioscope of the Giant games thus far.

All-Star Scoreboard

Giants	7	Home Provisioners	4
..	2	Carter Motors	5
..	4	Black Knights	2
..	4	Kiewels	8
..	9	Winnipeg Motors	8
..	13	Bristol Air port	1
..	4	Lord Nelson	2
..	4	Brandon All Stars	6

LEAGUE STANDINGS

A League

	W	L	T	Pts.
Dodgers	9	10	1	19
Yanks	8	10	1	17
Red Sox	7	11	1	15

B League

	W	L	T	Pts.
Cards	9	6	2	20
Braves	9	7	1	19
Bucs	7	9	1	14
Royals	5	8	4	15

Penal Echo-ettes

By Mack

K.P. TELESCOPE—The old Alma Mammy scans great from this neck of Prairieville. How come the staff changes-are the boys in disgrace perchance? Particularly enjoyed "Getting Around" with the Sawbuck man. What's with the magic Chuck? Your mag is in big demand hereabouts.

AGRICOLA—Your July editorial was well prepared and certainly unbiased, and needed writing. The "if I can't knock I won't talk", school may object to your honesty but other wise you score heavily and often. Lifers Scroll is a column without peer in the Penal Press.

RAIFORD RECORD—The May-June cover is as colorful as the State from which it originates and a credit to you fellows. "Why Not Jail Time" is an enigma we all have pondered at one time or another, though perhaps not so succinctly or humorously as Roberts.

THE. CLOCK—A compact, well written mag that strikes a happy medium. "Cartoon Slants" and "Dopey" have the Al Capp touch. "A Reply to Dr. Karl" is a quotable piece of work that should provoke considerable comment along the circuit.

MENARD TIME—Superlatives are superfluous in writing of your well-known paper as the sheets professional appearance and contents is apparent and speaks for your collective abilities. The sports photograpy gracing the May 31 issue catches the eye and the performers in real gone style.

RESTORATOR—Salutations and congratulations. Your June 10th Anniversary edition just arrived and was read with intrest. A lot of hard, hard work and considerable talent is discernable in this issue. We welcome your publication and recognize your efforts. Much success to you in the future.

C.B. DIAMOND—Enjoyed your June issue very much. Bill Jones did a bang up job for the Hall of Fame series and indeed it did show a subtle hand. The Rock seems amazed to find himself holding, of all things, a trowel. The Diamond is popular on the Mountain.

RELIGION

Protestant Church Activities

Rev. G. W. McNeill

CHURCH service 10.00 a.m. Sunday
CHOIR practice 10.30 a.m. Saturday
CITIZEN'S FORUM & Discussion Group 9—10.00 a.m. Sunday
Brigadier McGinnis, Salvation Army, conducts service first Sunday in each month
Regular A.A. meeting 12—1.00 p.m. Wednesday
A special A.A. meeting is held on last Sunday of each month
Outside visitors are encouraged to visit the institution and meet the local group
INTERVIEWS available every afternoon, Monday to Friday

Mr Allen Caron—Organist&Choir Leader

Roman Catholic Church Activities

Father H. J. Bedford

MASS 8.30 a.m. Sunday
HIGH MASS once a month
CONFESSIONS heard before and during Mass
CHOIR practice after Mass on Sunday and one day a week
INTERVIEWS every afternoon except Wednesday
STUDY GROUP 1.00 p.m. Tuesday
CATHOLIC LIBRARY
Correspondence courses in English
Regular A.A. meeting 12—1.00 p.m. Thursday
Once a month, on a Sunday, outside visitors are welcomed
CONFESSION every Saturday afternoon

"Pride of the Mountain"

No field day is complete without its Clown. The antics performed by the one pictured above range from the ridiculous to the sublime. It's no wonder he is called the "Pride of Stony Mountain."